



LOW PRICES RULE WITH US

A GOOD RULE

may be recognized by the effect of its action.
You know a good rule
WORKS BOTH WAYS,

and there lies the secret of our great success. The uniformly low prices which have always characterized our stock have worked to secure great advantages to our customers by actual savings on their purchases, and they have secured a large and ever-increasing trade to us. In this way our motto "Low prices rule with us," has been

A GOLDEN RULE

all around. We will out-Herod Herod in January, and cut the heads off of previous prices in order to clear the decks for early Spring purchases.

THREE BARGAIN WONDERS IN HOSIERY TO BE OFFERED MONDAY.

12¹/₂¢ Children's Imported, Full Regular, Heavy Ribbed Cotton Hose, Hensdori dye, absolutely fast and stainless. Best value in the market for 25c.

SACRIFICED AT 12¹/₂¢ A PAIR

12¹/₂¢ Ladies fine Imported full regular fancy Hose, fine gauge and fast colors, great value for 25 and 35c.

SACRIFICED AT 12¹/₂¢ A PAIR.

12¹/₂¢ Men's fast Black, and Brown Balbriggan Socks fine gauge, soft quality German Manufacture, Good value at 25c.

SACRIFICED AT 12¹/₂¢ A PAIR.

We close our store at 7 o'clock every evening except Saturday.

Bassett & Co.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The uses of fishing for oysters are as various as the modes of rearing and eating. At Minors the fishermen simply drive to a depth of seventy feet, with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he picks up as many oysters as he can carry, and brings them up to the boat.

Between two small lakes near Boras, Sweden, a strip of land has interrupted traffic, but engineers have overcome the difficulty by constructing a ship railway across it and building a small steamboat that can run itself across from one lake to the other. The vessel has accommodations for sixty persons.

A much sought desideratum, namely, a really practicable method of waterproofing leather and raw hides, is claimed to have been practiced by an Austro-Hungarian chemist, with much success, his method being to impregnate the material with a gelatine solution, combined with some mineral salt to coagulate the gelatine in the pores.

It is stated that the shipments of pork product, including pork, bacon, hams and lard, from the United States for the year 1890 were 1,321,000 pounds. The total consumption of pork product, exclusive of lard, in the United States during 1890 is estimated at 2,535,000,000 pounds, which would make an annual consumption per capita of over fifty-eight pounds. The domestic consumption of lard is about 400,000,000 pounds, or about 5.6 per capita.

The photographic analysis of rapid movement has made great progress. In a recent series of instantaneous photographs Aschuta, of Lissa, has secured twenty-four successive impressions of a dog in the act of making a single jump over a low wall, and each impression is not a mere silhouette, as was the case with Muybridge's first attempt of this kind, but a little picture showing a half-toe and detail. Some of the pictures, never caught by the eye, seem quite amazing. This is true at the commencement of the jump, when the dog's hind toes only touch the ground, and at the end of the jump, when his legs are gathered together in a heap.

Storms are now considered great enemies in the atmosphere. There are two kinds of eddies. In one the air blows out spirally from the center in all directions, the weather is generally fair, the air dense and the pressure recorded by the barometer high. In the other the air blows spirally inward from all directions, the weather is more or less cloudy and rainy and the barometer is low. In the northern hemisphere the winds circulate around the former in the direction of the watch hands, and around the latter in the opposite direction.

The long distance telephone. The first telephone was for short distances. After Bell, who is really the father of the telephone, and Bell demonstrated the possibility of the electrical transmission of speech, long distance telephoning became the dream of scientists and inventors. When the telephone left the hands of Bell its voice simulating these necessary elements that the higher development began.

Earliest in the field of long distance telephoning was Mr. Gillett, of Michigan. Then followed Hanning, of England, and after him, Adair, of France. Gillett produced the only practical long distance transmitter, Hanning's requiring "shaking down" at short intervals and Adair's being very loud but indistinct—Chicago Graphic.

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs, and sets the system to a healthy condition. If freely used, as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack, and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold. Northwestern Hotel Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Buckner Leavelle, Druggist.

An employer of German clerks says that they work 20 per cent lower than English ones.

Mr. William T. Price, a Justice of the peace, at Richmond, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago, but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "The remedy cannot be recommended too highly." Let anyone troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial, and they will be of the same opinion. 50 cent bottles for sale by Buckner Leavelle, Druggist.

Does Protection Protect? Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier by its many remarkable cures.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents per box.

FAMILY FASHIONS.

Elegant Coats and Fascinating Bonnets. Satin and velvet and rich fabrics suited to the Medicean fashions are used in preference to the dull, heavy silks of other seasons. Not only is velvet used for smaller accessory trimmings, but in combination with faced cloths and other velvet goods in the same way the silk was once used. The high collar, the full high sleeves, raised on the shoulder, but kept scrupulously close to the forearm, are a part of the season's fashions. Richness and luxuriance in dress prevail, such as characterized the reigns of Henry II. and Charles IX., and especially the reign of the notorious queen mother, who introduced into France the luxuries which were already beginning to make Italy an effete kingdom. Rough materials of all kinds are in special demand. Some of these cloths are covered with a shaggy nap, like the lion's cloths of a generation ago. Others are soft and thick, like the Vienna cloths, and others are striped, a band of shaggy nap alternating with a soft stripe. Astrakhan cloths with the wool combed out, so that they are hardly recognized as the goods of a year ago, are used in combination with plain cloths. Some of the new rough cloths imported from France have a ground of one color, covered with a long nap of another color, and this may be trimmed with shaded velvet which is re-introduced this season.

The use of shaded effects and of various colors toned into each other by graduated shades is a feature of the season. Thus we have a pair of trousers cloth covered with a chestnut-brown fleece, trimmed with velvet, toning from gray to brown and touched in an intermediate way with rose color. Strong, defiant contrasts in color are thus avoided, and for the time, ombre colors prevail. Especially is this so in millinery, where shaded effects are always seen to the best advantage. The ombre has never been successful, though it has frequently been introduced. It describes well and looks well on the merchant's counters, but such effects are not becoming to our pale American women, who require some decided color and the use of piquant and somewhat pronounced combinations, to give them what the Parisians would call chic. Shaded effects are apt to degenerate into dullness and become common, by being copied in cheap effects, before the season has well begun. This has been the history of such styles in seasons gone by. It remains to be seen whether they will, at this time, remain elegant after they have ceased to be a novelty.—Good Housekeeping.

Back home, a reply to myself: "Old boy, you're out of the race for good; Right here—in good—you'll just set down. And wait for the return of the good, believe it or not, happiness will come. As quick to you, through patience dumb, as where you feel, both day and night, for things you never get to, quite."

Back home, where nothing seems to change, "Oft will the cattle have the manger, Or when the wheel runs to the mill, Yet even back here, easy here, Old friends remain, old faces cheer; But what will it be, in this we're best, We sit on the ground and rest."

Back home again to dream and play, You bet your life I'm glad to stay; Like a freed child to give to the world, Once more upon my father's knee, I have a sight of home content, And laugh over my father's knee, "Know!" "water" he sent by fate— In the long run it pays to wait. —Horse Porten, in "The Blue Bird."

THOLLIN'S PHANTOM.

The Illusion Was Dispelled and Happiness Wrecked.

Illusion is the mother of happiness, and none can affirm the contrary, for without illusion what would life be? And what would be the life of Richard Thollin's marriage? It simply would not have been, that is evident.

Richard Thollin was thirty, tall, dark, with sharp, bright eyes and a long, silky mustache. He was chief of an important department at the Louvre, enjoyed a good salary and a fair percentage on silks and shawls. So well to do was he, in fact, that he could well afford a few luxuries, and after mature reflection he resolved to lay his heart and riches at the feet of Mile. Stephanie Marchet, the daughter of a small merchant, an enthusiast in music and a pupil at the conservatory. She possessed no dowry, but she was so graceful, so exquisite, and Richard was so full of courage.

It was a beautiful June evening, and they had passed through all the phases of a delightful honeymoon, when Richard suddenly broached a proposition to his radiant spouse.

"My dear Stephanie," he said, tenderly, "I have reserved the best for the last. I wanted to give you a little surprise, and here it is. Now, what would please you most—a two weeks' trip on the Rhine or a beautiful cashmere shawl to protect your pretty little shoulders from fog and rain?"

As he became an enthusiast in music, Stephanie affected a dreamy pose and replied:

"My love, I prefer the trip to the Rhine; to that classic land of music, my sacred art! It seems to me that I am already hearing the soft, sweet melodies of Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven are ringing in my ears." And lowering her voice, she whispered: "Let us go there; the cashmere shawl will come later."

And so the voyage was decided. The vessel that carried Mr. and Mrs. Thollin glided gaily along the Rhine, making frequent stops on those enchanting shores, where the happy couple mused and dreamed, charmed by the cooing of the birds and the soft murmur of the water.

While ashore at Steinbock, a frightful storm overtook them. They found it impossible to reach the boat in time and were forced to take refuge in the only inn of the place, an old tumble-down building standing at the foot of a rugged mountain crowned by the ruins of an old castle.

The rooms were modest and the fare meager, consisting principally of mutton stew and beans—more beans than mutton. But Richard, who was a gourmet, was not to be deterred by such trifles. He ate heartily, and when he had finished he looked at his watch and found that it was midnight.

The storm continued to rage without, and they performed resigned themselves to an evening at the inn.

"Come, mistress," said Richard, as they sat together in the large room after supper, "we are in the heart of the land of legends. Like all your countrymen, you must be well versed in such lore, and, though not on the face of it, I hope you will serve me for dessert."

"Ah, my dear monsieur," protested Richard, "I do not speak of such things when the thunder is rumbling over our heads; it will bring ill luck."

"Go on, anyway; we don't mind the thunder."

"Well, monsieur, you see that old castle towering above us over there—it is haunted by a specter, and that is why it is deserted."

"But who is this specter?"

"In his day he was a powerful lord and a great brigand. He was harsh to his vassals, robbed travelers and buried his money and stolen goods in some cave known to only himself. During a great storm he died suddenly and had no time to disclose the place of concealment in which he had chosen to bury his treasures. And since that time, whenever there is a storm, frightful cries are heard from the ruins. It is the soul of the accursed lord, condemned to wander there until some good Christian finds the treasure and distributes it to the poor."

"What! What a farce!" sneered Richard. "I must go and see the place, and if I find the famous treasure, well, my wife shall have your cashmere shawl, Stephanie."

"My dear, you are ridiculous with your legends," replied his wife. "They make me yawn; I am going to bed."

It was midnight, the fantastic hour. Richard Thollin was telling up the narrow, rocky path that led to the ruins of the old castle. He was no coward, and was determined to search the old burg in the hope of meeting the phantom and finding out where the treasure was concealed.

As he entered the somber doorway there suddenly arose before him a tall, white figure, luminous and moving, with the light and shadowy movements of the specter.

"So you have come at last, Thollin," said a deep, sepulchral voice. "I have long expected you. Blessed are you, courageous mortal, who came to deliver me."

Then, pointing to a cavity under the archway, he went on:

"All the necessary tools are there; take them and follow me."

However brave a man may be, he is always impressed by a phantom. Richard obeyed, found a spade and shovel, placed them on his shoulder and followed. The specter ascended a narrow staircase, lighted only by his spectral light.

"What is this way," he called. After many turns and windings they halted and the phantom pointed to a large flag with his bony finger.

"Thollin," he commanded, "raise that stone and take the treasure—my poor treasure!"

Richard set to work resolutely, panting and perspiring, as he tugged at the heavy stones; for it was a work more fitting a laborer or a mason than the chief of an important department at the Louvre. But success at last crowned his efforts, the flag yielded, was quickly thrust aside, revealing a dark cavity, and then—a dazzling sight! Silken robes, gold chains, sparkling stones—ah, what a treasure! He filled his pockets—ah! they were too small. Taking off his coat, he improvised a bag and filled it also, but still there was more.

"I will take this much," he said to himself, "and come back for the rest, to-morrow, now delighted Stephanie will be! She will not only have her cashmere shawl, but wonderful jewels also."

He started for the door, but the phantom stood on the threshold, barring the way.

"No, no, Thollin," he said, in a harsh, determined voice, "nothing by halves. I will take nothing on account on my salvation. You must take all or you cannot pass."

"Ah! I cannot pass, eh?" cried Thollin, who was not endowed with much patience. "And do you think you can stop me, you villain? Wait! I'll show you what a Parisian can do."

As he spoke he sprang at the specter, clutching his throat in his strong hands.

"Mercy! Mercy! Are you mad? You are strangling me!" gasped the phantom.

"Strangling you, am I? So much the better—the world will be rid of you," and Richard's fingers closed tighter and tighter, until the phantom ceased his struggles.

"There—I have settled him," muttered Richard, "now for the treasure!"

Only one step remained. He went on yawning, cavity, no treasure! He rubbed his eyes and a soft light inundated the modest room of the inn; it was the dawn of day.

On the wall at the side of Mile Thollin was gazing, frightfully, her face purple, her throat discolored.

He had strangled his wife—his darling Stephanie!

After much trouble and anxiety she was saved. But she has never forgiven him. She is determined to obtain a divorce and return to her music—From the French, in Chicago News.

INDIANS ARE DOOMED.

The Race is Said to Be Dying Out in the Northwest.

Chief Lot, of the Lower Spokanes, gives the following causes of the decline of his race: "Our people are accustomed to a diet of fish, game and herbs, with plenty of exercise, and have changed to our present diet has been detrimental to the health of our young men. The majority are now attacked with pulmonary consumption and the race is gradually dying out. I believe that if schools were established in our country, where physiological and sanitary laws could be taught, an improvement in the physical condition of the Indians would result. The young men have attended the Chemawa school, but the change from the mountains to the low land has been fatal to them. We want schools in our own territory, and both the loyalty and the health of the Indians would be improved."

"It is said," continued the chief, speaking impressively and emphasizing his words with emphatic gestures, "to look upon the apparently healthy men standing around me, and then to think of my people, dying in hospitals and strength and dying prematurely. I am content for this by the fact that these men are educated, and their knowledge of physiological laws enables them to prolong life, while illness of our people means death. The Indians who choose agricultural pursuits as a mode of living are doing well, and will improve when they understand it thoroughly. I am a farmer, as is the majority of my tribe. The future physical condition is very good. The appliances for catching salmon in the Columbia are so effective that we seldom see any in the Spokane river, and fish are now plentiful out of—Portland Oregonian.

She Loves a Toad. The Bitter Root (Mont.) Journal has found a Swo Lady who has a very odd pet in a big garden toad which has for three years passed his existence in the lady's front yard. No dog ever knew his master or mistress better than this toad knows his mistress. When she puts in appearance the toad invariably comes from under the step to greet her and blinks wisely and attentively as she talks to him, but should she go on to the house, he follows her to the door and waits until she returns.

One day he was sitting in the commode when two new bottles were filling a certain long-necked bottle with a "seltzer" for possible snake bites. The jug containing the general supply had a large, diffusive mouth, and the bottle into which they wished to introduce it was provided with a study opening that received very reluctantly, no matter what the volume of issue might be.

"Well, it will more than make up," said one of the officers. "Where's a funnel?"

"Mike says a mule stepped on it last night and mashed it."

The correspondent stopped in the door of the tent. He wanted to bestow advice, but was doubtful of its acceptance. The colonel commanding came along. He advised the subalterns to drink as much as they would probably waste, and break the bottle. One of the officers suggested imagining the bottle was full, and an attempt to draw stimulation from fancy. Another thought if the mule who mashed the funnel knew what interests had been affected he would probably apologize. But all this time the bottle was empty. Presently the colonel turned to the correspondent, tore a sheet of stiff paper from his ample mail book, rolled it into a funnel and thrust its little end in the flask.

"Some people," said he, as the delighted officers together held up the jug and listened to the liquor splashing gently down the taper way, "some people spoil good papers by writing on them."

By this letter method we impress the very spirit of the army on the virgin sheet.—Chicago Herald.

The road agent is unrepentant in his demands. He expects travelers to throw up their hands, but he does not feel called upon to throw down his own.—Boston Transcript.

IT'S COMING

and

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13th,

IS THE DATE.

Look Out For It!

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

THOMAS RODMAN,

—DEALER IN—

Foot-Wear Exclusively.

106 MAIN STREET,
Hopkinsville, - - Kentucky.

SALESMEN:

J. Wallace Warfield,
Jno. F. Danforth.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

HE MADE A PAPER FUNNEL.

And So Kept a Correspondent From Writing Up to Him Things for Print.

One of the correspondents who followed the fortunes of the army in the northwest reports a suggestion of satire from Fort Fred Smith. The scribbler had been filling pages with notes of the country and the events transpiring there, or writing them out at length from all sorts of inspiration. He was inclined to know more about the Indian question and the standing army than the general commanding, and was by no means chary of suggestions—suggestions which he tendered the packer when the officers would not listen. One day he was sitting in the commode when two new bottles were filling a certain long-necked bottle with a "seltzer" for possible snake bites. The jug containing the general supply had a large, diffusive mouth, and the bottle into which they wished to introduce it was provided with a study opening that received very reluctantly, no matter what the volume of issue might be.

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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE